

NO VISITORS DURING LUNCH

A young man, sunglasses, like a marine in civvies,
yellow shirt open at the neck, neat brown pants.

I see him
coming down the beach toward me. He gets to
within 200 yards, sees me, looks around quizzically,
pretending he's making a decision not to come this way
for perfectly good reasons of his own,

makes his decision not to come this way,
turns around
& saunters back up the way he came.

The sight of me
(dirty, wrinkled green coat,
huaraches with no socks,
long hair wild in the wind,
salt in the beard,
& masticating)

provoked either

respect for my privacy (a gentleman, isolated
at the end of a lonely beach,
having a quiet noontime repast;
a green wine bottle
lodged in the sand with
tortillas & raw meat)

or fear (see description above;
a stranger,
unknown occupant of
territory in a cul-de-sac),

not to deny

endless other possibilities.

Now he's climbing the path up the cliff to the parking lot.
Just looked back at me
(& caught me watching him) to make sure I'm still here,

still either dangerous
or worthy of his respect some other way, so that
he was certainly justified
in not coming anywhere near me.

Either way,
little do we both know.